

Dzadza

He sits all day waiting for death.  
Not without humor  
But resigned.  
His grey white head shaved almost bald  
(he likes it that way)  
his eyes twinkling  
with a sudden joke  
or damp with fleeting memory  
of his Fanny  
(we called her Baki)  
gone now nearly a year.

His eyes narrow sternly  
at his son,  
suspicious of the latter's affectionate pats, pets  
and kisses lavished on a budding granddaughter;  
("You no sit on Stanley lap," he scolds lovingly. "You too old sit on man's lap!")  
and open wide with delight  
when four great-grandchildren  
play around  
him in harmony;  
darken with pain when  
typically children,  
they fight.

Old Polish granfather, he  
reads Catholic tracts now,  
(Fanny would be glad, she  
usually walked  
to mass alone.)  
fingers his rosary, puzzles  
the morning news  
then sleeps.  
(Takes cane, pushes self painfully  
up and out of chair,  
lays self carefully on couch,  
knees pulled up, head on arms  
like baby.)  
Tho a cover always lays nearby  
he never covers self.  
I think he waits for me to do it.  
I always do.

He'd like to die that way --  
Just lay himself down and go to sleep  
("I die and go to heaven. Be with Baki  
then.")  
Sometimes,  
he is impatient to be gone.

-- Claudia Winski

From the Established Fish Section of Message to Cunda

Pound, you are a crazy old man  
i LOVE you!//Cummings you  
rot in the grave/your eyes  
have death cookies to watch in the oven.  
i LOVE you!//what is my word to you?  
//what is my word to you?

Emily, your tons are in the ground/  
Whitman made sure you were well watered/  
The old like Ezra cry  
The dead like Bob Frost rot  
i LOVE you!//  
i LOVE you!//

Chuck Bukowski sits in his  
alcove in L.A. just down the hill from where Huxley  
lived and died.

Bukowski will die when God dies/  
God, how you climb that hill!

Inquisitive?  
Desperate?

Hic/hic/hic/hic/ i am drunk now  
and i must die  
just to sober up.

Moraff is probably sitting with dreams of kittens and  
extra Heavens.

-- George Montgomery

Hackensack, New Jersey

Sisters are all right (for a night).  
Some are fats -- some act like rats (like mine).  
Some are kind, some are blind, and  
Some are nice (like sugar and spice);  
But the best ones are the fun ones!

-- Gayla Malone

Storrs, Connecticut